

able, courteous and polite. Did you
the country? How unlike every
Butter just churned; cream just
bread zine pans; bread of the purest
ed; eggs brought from the nest by
heeked country girl in attendance;
; smoked shad of their own curing;
es and quinces from their own gar-
welcome and a keen appetite, give to
greater attractions than the sumptu-
board, spread by fashion for the
silly.

ed on a piazza, with a bottle of spark-
us, he began thus—"You thought
so—dead to every consideration and
makes life desirable, and on the high
fortune almost gone, and my health
ed. Gunning, you may remember,
sport: one day I walked over bog
aded through fog and quagmire, in
until the shades of night encom-
felt jaded, and as a light gleamed
circled easement of this very cottage,
un, with my pointer dogs crouched at
with intense interest at the scene be-
one end of the table, placed near a
t an old man, whom I at once recog-
ran of our revolutionary war; at the
laughter was seated, reading to him
by the broad light of an astral lamp.

creature more beautiful—her face
city and intelligence—her long eye-
sively closed; and when the read-
book before her, her coral lips part-
of pearl, and her voice, sweet as bal-
riveted me to the spot with rapture
must have her, said I, she shall be
id should not be permitted to "waste
in the desert air!"—I'll carry her off,
city, and conceal her at one of my old
cks and bloods of the town will en-
ued to read to the old man the sub-
one of the book of Isaiah; her voice was
and her face beamed with fire and
old, hold; said I to myself, "let us
over; what will become of her old
will the old soldier do when I have
child? he, who has shed his blood for
are enjoying. No matter: yet I
er—nor can I give her up." At this
sed her head, threw aside the raven
ward her high arched forehead, and
vered the easement. How like a dog
like a demon I felt. "I cannot marry
country girl, and I am a gentleman; the
old will only laugh at me." "A gentle-
man!" I repeated to myself; "for
me!—is it the province of a gentle-
a serpent, at night, under the case-
otage—to twine round this innocent
destruction is complete—to bring her
et and destroy all the happiness I see
If this is the act of a gentleman, of a
I, I am not one; no, thank Heaven, I
ly lost to reason and to virtue; no, I
; the rose of health and beauty, and
hall bloom upon her face. Let the
fools deride—let fashion frown—let
discard—she shall be my wife, my
I wife." Well, sir, you have seen her;
recount how I wooed and won her,
thfully, and how sincerely and truly
been ever since. I seldom visit the
I have more powerful attractions at
and labor alternately, and realize the
governed, well regulated marriage."

on for all fashionable fops and decayed
all of instruction and example! what
a precipice! what a change from the
n early and unhonored glory, to all the
lessings of a well-spent life!

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a gross deception and subversive tendency in
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the Publication. With an Appendix of Documents,
Education forms the common mind,
the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

on of the above work has been delayed, to wait
Documentary Evidence," which the Lady Super-
ior to Miss Reed, pledged herself to produce
It is understood that the design is abandoned.
ve been, the Committee are desirous of meeting
that can be produced to discredit the "Narra-
tive" also particularly desirous to obtain copies of
Director," and the General Rules of St. August-
in use at the Ursuline Convent.

publish the above notice shall be entitled to a
rk.
June 17.

DR. REESE'S REVIEW
JAY'S INQUIRY into the Character and
of the American Colonization and Anti-Slavery
s sale by D. H. ELA.

MS OF THE HERALD.

AD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum
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ents to be particular to write the names of sub-
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in a manner that there can be no misunderstanding

ZION'S



HERALD.

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ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

David H. Ela, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
WALKING BOTTLES.

NOT A FICTION.

MR. EDITOR—It is somewhat surprising to behold
the stratagems resorted to by the vendors of "liquid
fire," to prosecute their plans. It really appears that
many drunkard makers task their brains in forming
inventions to shun the restrictions of the license law.

The following circumstance transpired a few weeks
since, of which I have received direct information.
In the town of G—, upon the banks of a pleasant
river, somewhere in the state of C—t, the keeper of
a "drunkery" is licensed to retail spirituous liquors
in all quantities to suit purchasers, but has no right
to allow the drinking of any within his walls.

Two or more lovers of the "hydra monster" en-
tered the apartment of this priest of the "rosy god,"
and after the usual salutation, called for a little of his
poison. The priest soon drew it from the brazen
snout of his hooped friend, and then asked for "their
bottles." Instead of drawing from their pockets the
drunkard's brandy flask, they turned back their heads,
and showed the os externum of their gullets. The
sprightly priest was not to be outwitted by this un-
usual act of devotion at his altar; but seized his tunnel,
and placing its tube in the gaping mouths of his wel-
come parishioners, turned a portion of this damning
spirit into those walking bottles, to be carried out of
the store.

A new stratagem this to avoid drinking in a store;
to evade the force of license restrictions, and fill up
the customers' BOTTLES.

SCRUTINY, JR.

C—t, June 30, 1835.

The devil is full of inventions. But he sometimes
over-reaches. He most certainly did in this instance.—
EDITOR.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES OPPOSED TO
LIBERTY."

This has been remarked by the friends of anti-temper-
ance; and that we may see its truth, I quote an extract
from the Advocate and Journal of the 26th inst., which
says:—

"In the United States it is supposed that 2,000,000
persons have already ceased to use ardent spirits. More
than 8,000 temperance societies have been formed, sup-
posed to embrace more than 1,500,000 members. More
than 8,000 merchants have ceased to sell, and 4,000 distilleries to make it, and more
than 12,000 drunkards have become temperate. All
this and more is the influence of these societies; but
let us review it. Here are two millions of persons,
by the influence of temperance societies, have ceased
to use a little of that which is so essentially necessary
for laboring men, to keep them from the inconven-
iences of the cold, heat, &c.; and more than one
million five hundred thousand of these have become
bound, and given their liberties up to the temperance
societies; and about eight thousand of these societies
exist in our free States. Drunkards, awake! "our
craft is in danger." But again; eight thousand mer-
chants have ceased to sell, and four thousand distill-
eries to make it, and consequently more than sixty
thousand of our freemen are thrown out of business,
and driven into the open field—Nebuchadnezzar like
—to seek a living with the beast. Is not this oppres-
sion? But what is more than all the rest, twelve
thousand innocent drunkards, who were daily in the
habit of laying up their hard earnings at the grogshop
or tavern to keep their families from spending it, are
now compelled to spend it in clothing and educating
them, while he himself appears more like a man than a
brute!"

If these things are so (and they cannot be denied), can
we not see the justice of the charge, and does it not de-
volve on every run-loving freeman to be awake to the
subject?

Lamprey River, June 28, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICUL-
TIES.

It is the testimony of almost all literary biography,
that intellectual greatness is most commonly found at
first in obscurity and poverty. In the higher walks
of life, where the pleasures and honors of opulence
pamper the sensuality, and flatter the vanity of the
mind, it is incapable of those high aspirations which
lead to intellectual eminence—while in poverty and
obscurity it is dependent upon its own resources. It
must remain unhonored, or rise by the might of its
own energy. It acquires in such circumstances one
quality, at least, which lies at the foundation of all
true greatness of mind, viz., a noble sense of self-de-
pendence.

Nearly all the great names conspicuous on the cat-
alogue of renown, are proofs of the success of genius
in contending with difficulties.

METASTASIO, a friendless lad, singing verses in
the streets, became one of the greatest authors in Italian
literature.

GIFFORD, the cabin boy, was one of the most pow-
erful writers of his age.

EPICTETUS, the moralist, was born a slave, but be-
came the boast of the stoical sect of philosophers, and
the intimate friend of the best Emperors of Rome.

FENOTON was a shepherd's boy, but raised himself
to the honor of the first astronomer of his age, one at
whose lectures George IV. attended.

MURRAY was a shepherd's boy, but he became one
of the first instructors of mankind.

BROWN, the author of the Commentary, Concord-
ance, and Bible Dictionary, was likewise a shepherd's
boy.

POPE ADRIAN was the son of a barge builder, at-

tended a charity school at Louvaine, and being too
poor to purchase candles, used to read in the church
porches, and at the corners of streets, where lamps
were burning. He became so distinguished for his
attainments as soon to become preceptor of Charles
V., who elevated him to the Papal chair.

TERENCE was an African slave, but raised himself
to such an elevation that the haughty consuls of Rome
courted his society.

FRANKLIN, the printer, became one of the first phi-
losophers and statesmen of his age.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, the son of a wood carver,
and the apprentice of an apothecary, became the first
chemist of his times.

COLUMBUS, the sailor, left a new world for his me-
morial.

ROGER SHERMAN, the statesman of the American
revolution, was a shoemaker.

HERSCHEL, the great astronomer, was a British sol-
dier in Nova Scotia, and commenced the study of
astronomy while watching at the sentry posts at
night, and has fixed his name among the orbs.

SHAKESPEARE was a butcher when young.

SAUEL LEE was a carpenter, but became a pro-
fessor of Hebrew in Cambridge University, England.

ADAM CLARKE was the son of a country school-
master, but rose to be the first Biblical critic of modern
times.

ROBERT HALL was the son of a poor dissenting
minister; he rose to be one of the most splendid or-
ators of the British pulpit, and the best writer of the
English language.

CUVIER, the greatest of modern naturalists, was the
son of a pensioned soldier, and a charity scholar at
college.

PRIDEAUX, the author of the "Connections," and
Bishop of Worcester, could not be kept at school by
his poor parents, longer than to learn to read and
write, and he obtained the rest of his education by
walking to Oxford and obtaining employment in the
kitchen of Exeter College.

Nearly the whole list of worthies on the record of
literary fame were thus diamonds found in the mud—
pearls brought up from the depths of obscurity—who,
had it not been for some juncture of circumstances,
some happy accident, which called them out, would
have passed away with the herd of mankind, "little
and unknown."

The most essential requisite for the pursuit of
knowledge under such circumstances, is *unyielding*
and *obstinate determination*. This is of such great
importance as almost to make up for deficiency in
any other respect. It is truly wonderful what this
noble quality of mind has accomplished. The history
of literature is full of its miracles. In cases where
ordinary intellects would quail in despair, spirits
nerved with this high energy of purpose,
have seemed to kindle into a blaze—have wrought
themselves into a kind of omnipotency which
has swept away the most appalling difficulties, and
enabled them to trample into dust the most formida-
ble obstacles. It is even in many cases preferable to
genius.

GENIUS is morbid, erratic, burning too often in fit-
ful gleams, or with too intense ardor, so as to consume
itself. It is a meteor that looks brilliant, but has no
fixed laws to keep it steady.—Genius frequently leads
to disregard of the means of improvement, and there-
by disappoints its own hopes. But an ordinary mind
strengthened with this lofty resolve, is regular in its
progress; it may be slow, but it is *sure*. It does not
rush onward, breathless and wild, like a frantic ma-
niac, but moves with a majestic calmness, stepping
always on a sure position, and surveying the way as
it goes.—Genius is fit for extra circumstances only;—
a determined though ordinary mind is common-place.
It is practical and can handle common things.—Genius
is like the precious gold ore, that is adapted to shine—
a kind of pretty thing, an ornament for the finger or
ear, or fit for the nice mechanism of a watch;—a com-
mon mind, nerved with resolution, is like the ruler,
more useful ore of iron, fit alike for a stean en-
gine, an artillery piece to hurl its blazing thunder, or
a gleaming sword.—Genius is a fragile flower that
blooms beautifully and fades easily;—a practical, but
determined mind can grow up in the storm; like the
oak, spread its limbs to battle with the winds, and
though it may be shorn of its "leafy honors" by the
wintry storm, yet its roots are deep in the earth, its
branches strong, and when the summer returns,
blooms as freshly as ever. It is a remark taught by
all literary history, that nothing which is within the
bounds of human practicability, is impossible to the
mind determined on its purpose.

S.

Boston, July 7, 1835.

HE IS SO AMIABLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

A beautiful girl, gay, lively, and agreeable, was
wedded to a man of clumsy figure, coarse features,
and a stupid looking physiognomy. A kind friend
said to her one day, "My dear Julia, how came you
to marry that man?"

"The question is a natural one. My husband, I
confess, is not graceful in appearance, not attractive
in his conversation. But he is so amiable! And
goodness, although less fascinating than beauty or
wit, will please equally, at least, and it is certainly
more durable. We often see objects, which appear
repulsive at first, but if we become accustomed to
them, we at length not only view them without aver-
sion, but with feelings of attachment. The impres-
sion which goodness makes on the heart is gradual;
but it remains forever. Listen, and I will tell you
how I came to marry my husband. I was young
when he was introduced for the first time into the
house of my parents. He was awkward in his man-
ner, uncomely in his appearance, and my compan-
ions used often to ridicule him, and I confess I was
frequently tempted to join them, but was restrained by
my mother, who used to say to me in a low voice,
"He is so amiable!" And then it occurred to me that
he was always kind and obliging; and whenever our
villagers assembled together for our fetes and dances,

he was always at the disposal of the mistress of the
house, and was profuse in his attentions to those
whose age or ugliness caused them to be neglected.
Others laughed at his singularity in this respect, but
I whispered to myself, "He is so amiable!"

"One morning my mother called me to her bou-
doir, and told me the young man, who is now my
husband, had made application for my hand. I was
not surprised at this, for I already suspected that he
regarded me with an eye of affection. I was now
placed in a dilemma, and hardly knew how to act.

When I recollected his ill-favored look, and his awk-
wardness, I was on the point of saying, "I will not
wed him!"—and I blushed for him, which is a strong
proof that I even then felt interested in him; but
when I recalled the many traits in his character, and
dwelt on his benevolent and good actions, I dis-
missed the idea of banishing him from my presence.
I could not resolve to afflict him, and I whispered to
myself, "He is so amiable!"

"He continued to visit me, encouraged by my pa-
rents and caressed by my smiles. My other admirers,
one by one left me, but I did not regret their ab-
sence. I repeated the expression, "He is so amiable,"
so often, that it seemed to me to carry the same mean-
ing as "He is so handsome." I loved him and took
him for my husband.

"Since then I have not only been resigned to my
fate, but happy. My husband loves me devotedly,
and how can I help loving him, "He is so amiable!"

There is something exceedingly touching in this love
which beauty entertains for goodness, and there is no
doubt that some women love from a feeling of benevo-
lence, or tender compassion, regulated by reason. Such
an affection will know no change. It has a firm basis,
and will endure through life.

The following lines were sung by the members of the
Baptist General Convention, in Richmond, Va., when an
Indian preacher of the Cherokee nation was introduced to
that body.

[From the Religious Herald.]

THE INDIAN'S APPEAL TO AMERICAN
CHRISTIANS.

I dwell with the tempest, I'm rocked by the storm,
No pillow of luxury came I to crave;
Sole lord of the brute, in whose furs I am warm—
Yet pity the red man, ye sons of the wave.

Ere the wide spreading ocean, now rolling so blue,
Your forefathers bore from afar to our shore,
These forests comprised all the lux'ry we knew—
Then pity the red man, thus happy no more.

Ye dwell at the fountains of mental delight,
Where streams intellectual deliciously roll,
And when the rich banquet so freely invite,
O pity the red man—he too has a soul.

O teach him the name to Christians so dear,
Your passports to mansions of glory on high—
That name which supports in death without fear—
Declare to the red man, and teach him to die.

ROMES.—A romp is generally a good natured sort
of a girl, with little mind and far less taste. She does
not understand wit or fancy, for to these she makes
no pretensions. When she is the merriest, she gen-
erally jumps the highest; when she is grave, she is a
fool, because romps have little intellect. A country
romp is pleased with a ditch, because it gives her
a chance to jump across it; and she loves apples best
in the orchard, because she has the exquisite pleasure
of climbing the trees, and tearing her new frock.

A town romp is a different creature. She is generally
a great talker of scandal, when she is not employing
her clenched hands upon some one's shoulder.

Romping is bad business. It is at variance with
decency and taste, and fineness of tact and imagina-
tion. The manners of a romp are the foudling of a
bear. I would have all such females picked out of
society, and sent up the Missouri to colonize a new
Amazonian land. If they did not civilize the Indians
somewhat, they could fight them, and that would
answer the same purpose.

PLEASURE OF DISSIPATION.—"I wish," said one
of the sons of pleasure, as he rose late in the morning,
after a season of revelry, "I wish I could exchange
my feelings for those I formerly enjoyed."

"As for my part," said one of his companions, "I
never felt so much like committing suicide."

These remarks were made at a public house, dur-
ing a season of gambling and dissipation in Charle-
ston, and were overheard by a person of strict veracity,
who lodged in an adjoining apartment.

HOLYROOD.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

At the very foot of Edinboro' stands this most in-
teresting of royal palaces—a fine old pile, though at
the first view rather disappointing. It might have
been in the sky, which was dun and cold, or it might
have been in the melancholy story most prominent in
his history, but it oppressed me with its gloom. A
rosy cicerone in petticoats stepped out from the por-
ter's lodge, and rather brightened my mood with her
smile and courtesy, and I followed on to the chapel
royal, built, heaven knows when, but in a beautiful
state of gothic ruin.

The girl went on with her knitting and her well
drilled recitation of the sights upon which those who
dressed and stone traceries had let in the light, and I
walked about feeding my eyes upon its hour and
touching beauty, listening till she came to the high
altar, and in the same broad Scotch monotone, and
with her eyes still upon her work, hurried over some-
thing about Mary Queen of Scots. She was married
to Darnley on the spot where I stood! The me-
chanical guide was accustomed evidently to an inter-
ruption here, and stood silent a minute or two to give
my surprise the usual grace. Poor, poor Mary!

I had the common feeling, and made probably the same
ejaculation that thousands have made on the spot, but
I had never before realized the melancholy romance
of her life half so nearly. It had been the sadness of
an hour before—a feeling laid aside with the book that
recorded it—now it was, as it were, a pity and a grief

for the living, and I felt struck with it as if it happen-
ed yesterday. If Rizzio's harp had sounded from
her chamber, it could not have seemed more tangibly
a scene of living story.

I thanked heaven that I stumbled next upon a right
person, and was introduced into an ill-lighted room,
with one deep window looking upon the court, and a
fireplace like that of a country inn—the state cham-
ber of the unfortunate Mary. Here was a chair she
embroidered—there was a seat of tarnished velvet
where she sat in state with Darnley—the very grate
at the chimney that she had sat before—the mirror in
which her fairest face had been imaged—the table at
which she had worked—the walls on which her eyes
had rested in her gay and her melancholy hours—all
disse the touch and mould of time, as she lived in it
and left it. It was a place for a thousand thoughts.

The woman led on. We entered another room—
her chamber.

A small, low bed, with tattered hangings of red
and figured silk, tall, ill-shapen posts, and altogether
a paltry look, stood in a room of irregular shape; and
here, in all her peerless beauty, she had slept. A
small cabinet, a closet merely, opened on the right,
and in this she was supping with Rizzio, when he
was plucked from her and murdered. We went back
to the audience chamber to see the stain of his blood
on the floor. She partitioned it off after his death,
not bearing to look upon it again—"a poor Mary!"

On the opposite side was a similar closet, which
served as her dressing-room, and the small mirror,
scarcely larger than your hand, which she used at
her toilet. Oh for a magic wand, to wave back upon
that senseless surface, the visions of beauty it has re-
flected!—N. Y. Mirror.

"CAN'T YOU PRAY, PA?"

A little boy, three years old, spent a few days at his
grandfather's. While there he witnessed the perfor-
mance of religious exercise at table, and morning and
evening around the family altar. As his father was
not pious, all this was new to him, but he closely ob-
served every thing that took place, and when he re-
turned home, as they came around the table, and sat
down, without asking God to bless the food which
was prepared for them, he said to his father, "You
must ask a blessing, pa, grandpa does. You must ask
a blessing, grandpa says so"—at the same time mut-
tering over a few sentences to himself. When they
rose from the table he took the Bible and carried it to
his father, and said, "Now pa, you must pray, grand-
pa does. You must pray, pa. Can't you pray? don't
you know how to pray? Grandpa says, O Lord, O
Lord, O Lord."

How many answers have I seen to the similar
questions from their little children. In one in-
stance, within the knowledge of the writer, the question,
"Pa, can't you pray?" was the means of awakening
in the mind of the father serious thoughts of God,
which led to repentance and faith in Christ. Thus,
out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God often
perfects praise.

THE DYING AFRICAN.

The following account of the closing moments of an Af-
rican Christian, is taken from a letter written by a mis-
sionary in Jamaica, in 1828.

This pious African, upon his dying bed, called his
family around him, and thus addressed them; "My
children, you see your dying father; he often pray
for you; you often tell you of de Saviour; he often
beg you to come to him; he now beg you for de last
time. You see me dying; he willing to live, but me
no wish to live; he willing to die, for we have a liv-
ing Saviour, and to him me go. Your ways no lead
to him; ye lead to dead."

On being asked what made him happy in the pros-
pect of death, he replied, "Christ die for poor negro.
Me love him, me feel him near; me feel him mine;
dat make me happy. O Lord, take poor negro
home."

His affectionate address has been blest to one of his
children, a wild, wicked son, but now a humble in-
quirer after salvation.

COLERIDGE'S TABLE TALK.

Coleridge was the most pointed and eloquent talker of
his day—and perhaps no man ever lived of greater collo-
quial powers. The following passages of his *Table Talk*
will be read with interest:—

SPEECH.—Speech is a good man, and I like
him; but he is dense, and the most ignorant German
I ever knew.

CANNING.—Canning is very irritable, surprisingly
so for a wit who is always giving such hard knocks.
He should have put on an ass's skin before he went
into Parliament. Lord Liverpool is the single stay
of this ministry; but he is not a man of a directing
mind. He cannot ride on the whirlwind. He serves
as the isthmus to connect one half of the cabinet
with the other. He always gives you the common
sense of the matter, and in that it is that his strength
in debate lies.

WELLINGTON.—I sometimes fear the Duke of Wel-
lington is too much disposed to imagine that he can
govern a great nation by word of command, in the
same way in which he governed a highly disciplined
army. He seems to be unaccustomed to, and to
despise the inconsistencies, the weaknesses, the bursts
of heroism followed by prostration and cowardice,
which invariably characterize all popular efforts. He
forgets that, after all, it is from such efforts that all
the great and noble institutions of the world have
come; and that, on the other hand, the discipline
and organization of armies have been only like the
flight of the cannon ball, the object of which is de-
struction.

CRABBE AND SOUTHEY.—I think Crabbe and
Southey are something alike; but Crabbe's poems
are founded on observation and real life—Southey's
on fancy and books. In facility they are equal,
though Crabbe's English is, of course, not upon a
level with Southey's, which is next door to faultless.

But in Crabbe there is an absolute defect of the high
imagination; he gives me little or no pleasure; yet,
po doubt, he has much power of a certain kind, and
it is good to cultivate, even at some pains, a catholic
taste in literature. I read all sorts of books with some
pleasure, except modern sermons and treatises on po-
litical economy.

ENCE! ELOQUENCE!! ELOQUENCE!!!
Following kind, poetical, spirit-stirring paragraph,
at prices of writers, George Papper. "The Meth-
odist Calvinists are as base and barbarous as their
predecessors, the BLOODY and BRUTAL BAR-
BARIANS—the PILGRIM FATHERS!!!" This asser-
tion is a forgery, to foreigners. Let it be re-
futed.

—be inferred, that we class the Episcopalians
amongst the ignorant covenants of this
Methodists and Calvinists, who are as base and
as their execrable predecessors, the "bloody
barbarians," designated, *par excellence*, the
PILGRIM FATHERS,—sects who, even in Boston, are deaf
to the eloquence of painting, sculpture and archi-
tecture—who would not award encouragement to the arts,
genus of Apelles improved—if the Apollo of Phidias
the most touching music of pity from his lyre to
their minds to sympathy,—nay, if the groans of the
sacred and his children, were to sound in their
the weeping Niobe to bathe their hands in her
they would still be enemies to literature and the

—We have improved somewhat on brother
suggestion, and placed in our office a "Mission-
ary," which will always be ready to receive the
visions of the charitable. [?] We are ever happy
to see the visits of our brethren, and shall be doubly
pleased to see our newly adopted friend without
any of respect.

MONTHS IN THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION, is
as a parody upon Miss Reed's "Six Months in a
Prison." It is a miserable, catch-penny affair, having
in the apology of *truth*, about it. The price is fifty
cents, but it is not worth as many mulls.
Author is W. G. Snelling, formerly editor of the N. Y.
tribune—let him have the honor of it.

TRAVELLING ON THE SABBATH.
Here is something, Mr. Editor, I wish you'd publish
in your paper. It is from the Zion's Advocate.
Read it, if you please.
It is from the Zion's Advocate.

know of no violations of the Sabbath accompanied
circumstances of aggression that perpe-
trated the Steamboat BANGOR. But the owners of this
Sabbath, but leaves every traveller between
Bangor and Bangor no other alternative than to violate
Sabbath, or incur the double expense both of time and
in travelling by the stage. This is the only boat
in this city and Bangor—It goes but once a week,
on the Sabbath. Is there not enterprise enough
Sabbath-keeping community to put another boat on
the water?

story told in a Boston paper of 200 passengers on
that boat from this place to the city of Bangor, on
June 7, and of their manner of spending the day,
in hearing a sermon read, and partly in their bar-
bous, furnishes another example of a singular
ill-known trait in human character, by which men
wielded to procure, by acts of devotion, indulgence
on the Sabbath. If these lines should reach any
owners or managers of the Bangor, or any of the
others above referred to, we put it to their consciences
over, how these things must appear in the eyes of
minutest Judge.

fish it—most certainly. It is an old saying, that
"orations have no souls." They are merely bodies,
and evidently true. But we wish the owners of this
ad at least so much an apology for one as to cease
g, in opposition to the feelings of the community, on
Sabbath.

CAREFUL, BROTHER EDITOR.—The Juvenile Re-
has commenced a war against all the evils and
of the day. Among them confectionaries are just-
died. But brother Coleworth abuses the owners
se establishments most unmercifully. Hear him.
They would resort to maiming, if not to murder, for the
of carrying on their nefarious business unmo-
lest. Yes, they wish to have us pointed out to them, to
us, if not to destroy us.

reasonable—very. They are in general as honorable
as exist in the community. We believe they are
ware of the extent of evil connected with their busi-
ness. We would say, then—regard them as worthy citi-
zens, unless there is some evidence against their moral
character, but give no quarter to the pernicious stuff sold
in them.

It was announced in New York that the foreigners,
have partially organized, would turn out on the 4th
of July. Threats were offered if they did this insult the
unity. The "O'Connell Guards" thought conse-
quently, it would be wisest to stay at home.

the session of the Canadian Conference, on the 10th
Rev. E. Evans was appointed Editor of the Christian
Herald in the place of Rev. E. Ryerson. The Guardian
that in 1810 there were 41 Methodist ministers and
church members;—now there are 100 of the former
15,106 of the latter.

the following beautiful specimen of candor and logical
men is from the speech of Attorney General Austin,
Mr. Cheever's trial.

the manufacturer answerable for their abuse? * * *
men say, making ruin is bad, because, if it was not
it, it could not be abused. But is the manufacturer
accountable for all the evils which have result-
ed from its use? Is the maker of the pistol, with which a
murder has been committed, an accessory to the crime?
even itself, which gave man a tongue, to be charged
with the guilt of its improper use by the vile slanders?

we would inform Mr. Attorney General that it is not
making, as such, but run-selling, that gentlemen
sidestep bad. If distillers would keep their poison locked
forever, no objection would be made to the distillation
of it. But they know that every head is to go out in
trench to aid in multiplying widows and orphans, and
wrench the earth with the scalding tears of woe.

[Correspondence of Zion's Herald.]
THE CONTEST BEGUN.

Becher's Plea for the West—Quotations on its
greatness—its Danger—The Means of its Safety.

DEAR SIR—Dr. Becher's long expected "Plea for the
West," has at last made its appearance from the Cin-
cinnati press. A second edition for the Atlantic cities has
been printed, and just received in this city. It is the ser-
mon which he preached with so much interest in the East-
ern states some few months ago while on a tour in behalf
of the Lane Theological Seminary. Its publication has
been anxiously looked for on account of the important
views it embodied in respect to American Popery. I have
read it. It lies before me on my desk, not a precious
semblance of glittering gems, the sparkling tinkling of
perfidious thought, but the noble, high-minded thinking
of an old, masculine, Roman mind; thoughts as bold as
the unders, and as substantial as the foundation granite mass-
of the world. I feel free to say that no prior publica-
tion from the pen of Dr. Becher excels it in those great
traits of mind so characteristic of him. The dis-
cussion comprises four general topics, viz: 1.—What is re-
quired to secure the religious and civil prosperity of
the West? 2.—By whom it must be done. 3.—How it must
be done. 4.—The motive to do it. These propositions,
done plain in their expression, present a subject of giant
dimensions, and it is discussed and managed with a
man's energy. Read the following observations on the
West.

The territory is eight thousand miles in circumference,
extending from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains,
and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Lakes of the North;
and it is the largest territory, and most beneficent in cli-
mate, soil, and mineral wealth, and commercial facili-
ties, ever prepared for the habitation of man, and qualified
to sustain in prosperity and happiness the densest popula-

tion on the globe. By twenty-four thousand miles of steam
navigation, and canals, and rail roads, a market is brought
near to every man, and the whole is brought into near
neighborhood.
This vast territory is occupied now by ten States, and
will soon be by twelve. Forty years since it contained
only about one hundred and fifty thousand souls; while it
now contains little short of five millions. At the close of
this century, if no calamity intervenes, it will contain,
probably one hundred millions—a day which some of our
children may live to see; and when fully peopled, may
accommodate three hundred millions. It is half as large
as all Europe, four times as large as the Atlantic states,
and twenty times as large as New England. Was there
ever such an immortal harvest!—so vast a ship, so richly
laden with the world's treasures and riches, whose helm
is offered to the guiding influence of early forming institu-
tions!

The following is a bold and pertinent remark.
But what will become of the West, if her prosperity
rushes up to such a majesty of power, while those great
institutions linger which are necessary to form the mind,
and the conscience, and the heart of that vast world. It
must not be permitted. And yet what is done must be
done quickly; for population will not wait, and commerce
will not stand anchor, and manufactures will not shut off
the steam nor shut down the gate, and agriculture, urged
by millions of freemen on their fertile soil, will not with-
hold her corrupting abundance.

We must educate. We must educate! or we must per-
ish by our own prosperity. If we do not, short from the
cradle to the grave will be our race. If our haste to be
rich and mighty, we out-run our literary and religious in-
stitutions, they will never overtake us; or only come up
after the battle of liberty is fought and lost, as spoils to
grace the victor, and as resources of next day's opium
for the perpetuity of our bondage. And let no man at the
East quiet himself, and dream of liberty, whatever may
become of the West. Our alliance of blood, and political
institutions, and common interests are such, that we can-
not stand aloof in the hour of her calamity, should it ever
come. Her destiny is our destiny; and the day that her
gallant ship goes down, our little boat sinks in the vortex!

He remarks again,
There is no danger that our agriculture and arts will
not prosper; the danger is, that our intelligence and vir-
tue will fall and fall back into a dark minded, vicious
populace—a poor, uneducated, reckless mass of infuriated
animalism, to rush on resistless as the tornado, or to burn
as it set on fire of hell.

Until Europe, by universal education, is delivered from
such masses of feudal ignorance and servitude, she
upon a volcano, and despotism and revolution will arbitrate
her destiny.

Take another of these eloquent passages on the same
subject.
The great experiment is now making, and from its ex-
tent and rapid filling up, is making in the West, whether
the perpetuity of our republican institutions can be recon-
ciled with universal suffrage. Without the education of the
head and heart of the nation, the question to be decided is,
can the nation, or the vast bal-
ance power of it be so imbued with intelligence and vir-
tue, as to bring out, in their laws and their administration,
a perpetual self-preserving energy? We know that the
West is a vast one, and of great utility; and yet we be-
lieve it can be done.

I would add, as a motive to immediate action, that if we
do fail in our great experiment of self-government, our de-
struction will be as signal as the birth-right abandoned,
the mercies abandoned, and the providence of God aban-
doned. Heaven. The descent of desolation will correspond
with the past elevation. No punishments of Heaven are so
severe as those for mercies abused; and no instrumentally
employed in their infliction is so dreadful as the
truth of man. No spasm is like the spasms of expiring
liberty, and no walling such as her convulsions extort.
It took Rome three hundred years to die; and our death,
if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelli-
gence and free institutions have given us more bone, and
sinew, and vitality. May God hide me from the day when
the dying agonies of my country shall begin! O, thou be-
loved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood and
common interests, and perils, live forever—one and undiv-
ided!

But whatever we do, it must be done quickly: for there
is a tide in human things which waits not—moments on
which the destiny of a nation balances, when the light
dust may turn the right way or the wrong. And such is
the conflict of nation and nation, and the influence of
bearing us on in high conflict, for good or for evil—for
an immortality of woe, or blessedness; and a slight effort now
may secure what ages of repentance cannot recover when
lost, and soon the moment of our practical preservation may
have passed away. We must educate the whole nation
while we may. All—all who would vote must be enlight-
ened, and reached by the restraining and preserving ener-
gies of Heaven. The lanes and alleys—the highways
and hedges—the abodes of filth and sordid poverty must
be entered, and the young and the old must be brought
up, and brought up to the light of intellectual and moral daylight.
This can be done. God, if we are prompt and willing,
will give us the time. But if in this our day, we neglect
the things that belong to our peace, we shall find no place
for repentance, though we seek it carefully and with tears.

But I must conclude these eloquent quotations with the
promise of consulting them in a future letter. I hope the
book will have an extensive circulation in your commu-
nity; from the exalted reputation of the author among you,
it must have. Its publication is very opportune. Popery
has been sited among us. It cannot be questioned that
the public mind of the Christian community at least, has
been revolutionized respecting it, and a few more such ef-
forts will substantiate and fix the public opinion against it
forever.

Yours, &c. G. H. I.
A correspondent of the Catholic Sentinel, speaking of
the recent riots in New York, in which the Irish suffer-
ed, alludes to them, when he speaks of American citi-
zens:
Surely, if the lives and property of American citizens
cannot or will not be protected by the urban authorities,
they must in future endeavor to protect themselves. Un-
less some prompt and decisive measures are speedily put
in force for the suppression of similar outrages, and the
condign punishment of the lawless and law-abiding citi-
zens, the consequences will, ere long, become the controlling
power of this once tranquil and happy republic.

—The "O'Connell Guards" will be found of great
service in such an emergency.

[?] A Lowell paper states that one of the Popish priests
belonging to that place was recently intoxicated
while travelling to Boston on the rail-road.

[?] An Anti-Slavery Society has been formed in Ten-
nessee, making three slave-holding States in which such
societies are in active operation.

FREE FOR ALL!
Canst thou believe my song when thus I sing?
When man had fallen, was ruined, hopeless, lost;
Ye choral harps! ye angels that excel
In strength! and loudest, ye redeemed of men!
To God—to Him that dwells in the high heaven,
On high, and to the Lamb, sing honor, sing
Dominion, glory; blessing sing, and praise:
When man had fallen, was ruined, hopeless, lost,
Messiah, Prince of peace, Eternal King,
Died, that the death might be the last be saved.
Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, earth!
Thou ancient, thou forgotten earth! Ye worlds admire!
POLLOCK.

The Deity is impartial. Jesus Christ his son, died for
every man—from the gorgeous, star-bespangled, jeweled
monarch upon his golden throne, to the veriest
crazed scoundrel beneath him—from the whip-cracking
savage master, to the down-trodden, broken-hearted
slave—from the spectated philosopher, buried in his ori-
ental robe, to the ignorant, unsophisticated peasant. All
ALL, ALL are called—from mountain-top to mountain-
top, from streamlet to streamlet, from state to state, from
nation to nation, from POLE to POLE, is heard the invita-
tion. Free, ye, free! But

—Be confounded! and thou Hell!
Deepen thy eternal groans—menopel!
Redeemed—! I speak of many, not of all—
Would not be saved for lost, have life for death!

REPORT Of the Sabbath Schools in the New England Confer- ence, June, 1835.

	No. of Schools.	No. of Pupls.	No. of Superintendents.	No. of Teachers.	No. of Libraries.	No. of Volumes.	No. of Bible Classes.
Boston District.	43	3019	55	525	41	6922	23
Providence Dist.	23	1372	30	230	23	2725	14
Springfield Dist.	37	1870	39	229	29	2597	15
N. London Dist.	21	1006	29	166	21	2056	8
N. Bedford Dist.	32	2383	35	405	32	5223	14
Amount.	160	9150	188	1555	146	19523	74

DANIEL FILLMORE.
Boston, July 10, 1835.

The following "splendid Ode" was composed by that
beautiful poet, Grenville Mellen, and sung at the 4th
of July celebration at South Boston. Its eloquence and
fire make the blood course hotly and thrillingly.

Breathe, clarians!—breathe!—the morning
Is here again!
When the great free were born,
Whose memory cannot wane—
When as to trumpet's deep command,
Strong giants rose along the land!

Breathe, clarians!—breathe!—a sound
Breaks on the sky,
From all the hills around—
Triumphant melody!
Of mighty men the warrior shout,
Daring your loftiest music out!

We hear their voices: up
From mound and wave
They chorus, till the cup
We lift above the grave,
Men's lyre's libation to the free,
Quivers in the great harmony!

We see their shadows: dim
In ranks they come,
To Freedom's choral hymn
Of volleys trump and drum!
As bursting to another birth,
They rise to tread the hallow'd earth!

Breathe, clarians!—breathe!—once more
In gathered sound,
Your lifting voices pour
Over this holy ground!
And proud may be the tale ye tell,
Be it of welcome, or farewell!

Proud be your story: long
Thro' all the land,
Be all that wakes your song,
Worthy that spirit hand,
So shall new gladness light their brows,
While listening to your patriot vows!

CHARACTERISTIC.—A certain infidel used to say, it
"did him good to sit down and swear heartily at Jesus
Christ." Of what tender materials must such a heart be
made.

A NEW METHOD.—The remark having been made in
the presence of an aged Christian, that "when those in
the Church committed sin they should be immediately
censured," stated the following incident in his own expe-
rience:—

"Many years since, although I was a member of the
Church, I was in the habit of tipping. I knew of no
remedy, so powerful was the sin, but reproof from the
Church, and consequently longed to have somebody com-
plain of me. Nobody did. At last I went before the
Board and [?] complained of myself as a tippler. On my
own evidence they suspended me. That effected a cure."

The moral is obvious.
TO OUR DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS.—Our subscribers in
Canada, Michigan Territory, Illinois, and other distant
parts of North America, will oblige us, and doubtless our
readers, by communicating from time to time such facts
as may come within their own observation, respecting the
progress of Christianity, and its antagonists, Popery, In-
fidelity, &c. in their respective regions. They may thus
essentially subserve the great interests of humanity and
religion.

Chapter of News.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.
A house in Mount Vernon street was entered last
Wednesday night, and sundry articles of silver stolen.

Samuel P. Flint was arraigned on Wednesday at the
Municipal Court, and plead not guilty to four indictments
for stealing books, alabaster ornaments, &c., and his trial
postponed to the next term of the Court.

We learn from the Newburyport Herald, that a sail
boat was capsized in that harbor, during the squall on the
afternoon of the 4th inst., by which accident Mr. Aaron
Huse, of Newbury, was drowned. Four other persons
were in the boat, who were rescued by persons from the
shore.

Oliver Bugbee, aged 20 years, son of Dr. Bugbee of
Wrentham, fell from a window in the fourth story of his
boarding house, on Saturday night, 4th inst., and was so
severely injured that he has since died. It is supposed
that in attempting to close the blinds he lost his balance.

At the present term of the Municipal Court, a man
named Cyrene Paine was fined \$33 for stealing two news-
papers from a door.

On Tuesday (last week) three lads, named Smith,
Loring, and Nye, stepped into a boat in Barnstable har-
bor, near the old wharf, and soon found themselves drift-
ing from the shore, upon which the two former jumped
over, to get on shore, and were drowned; the latter re-
mained in the boat, and was soon after discovered and
brought ashore.

The house of Mr. Solomon King, of Sutton, Mass., was
struck by lightning, on Sunday afternoon, 5th inst., and
Mr. and Mrs. King instantly killed.—In Oxford, the
house of Mr. Rosebrook was struck, during the same
shower, and Mrs. Rosebrook killed. Mr. R. was absent
from home.

The schooner William & Harris, Capt. Wells, from
Eastport, has been seized by the collector at Bangor, for
having carried a cargo of Irish tories, contrary to the law
in such cases.

The people of Norwich, Conn., were most egregiously
humbugged by a pretended arnaut the other evening,
who collected the good citizens together at the Town
Hall, at the rate of a quarter of a dollar apiece, to see a bal-
loon go up. After showing them some dubs of paintings,
to the tune of a crazy hand organ, he took them into a
field, and inflated, upon a sort of gibbet, a small sack,
which went up into the air, without any car or attendant,
and thus ended the hoax.

The Salem Register says that an excellent spirit pre-
vails in that town in regard to the establishment of a Rail
Road to Boston. The amount of stock already subscribed
is \$240,000, and that amount can be largely increased. It
is now beyond a doubt that a road will be forthwith com-
menced on this route.

At a late fire in New York, it was discovered that a
small two story house contained thirty Irish families,
seven of which occupied the garret, in which there was
no partition!
The Presbyterian Church in Princeton, N. J., near the
College, was destroyed by fire on the 7th inst.

Samuel C. Potter, Esq., a native of Philadelphia, and
highly respected, was drowned on Saturday, 4th inst., by
falling from the steamboat Chesapeake. He was a clerk
in the U. S. Treasury Department.

A dreadful accident occurred at Lewiston, Del., on the
4th inst. A number of persons were firing a cannon,
when it burst, and mutilated four individuals in a horrible
manner. One man lost an arm: a young lad was badly
wounded in the abdomen. Little boys are entertained of
the recovery of two of them.

The Queen Charlotte, famous in Perry's Victory, has
been raised and is fitting at Buffalo as a Chicago packet.

Funds have been raised in the city of New York, says
the Sunday School Journal, to purchase a ship to be sent
to China for the use of Mr. Gutzlaff, and other missiona-
ries in that country.

Arkansas Territory will soon be admitted into the Union
as a State. The total population is probably 50,000.

At a meeting held in the Bleecker street Church, New
York, on the 1st inst., the sum of \$4,152 was subscribed
in aid of the Illinois College, of which Rev. Edward
Beecher is President.

A son of Bishop Onderdonk, and a son of the late
Elisha Tibbetts, have both been committed to prison in
New York, for forging the name of Rev. Mr. Schroeder of
that city.

The Albany Journal says that counterfeit half dollars
have made their appearance in that city, and are particu-
larly abundant on board the steam boats.

We regret to perceive that the cholera is clearly in
Cincinnati, and that of a malignant type, too. Mrs.
Brainard, wife of the editor of the Cincinnati Journal, died
of that disease, after an illness of less than twenty-four
hours; and a day or two after a young lady aged 18, re-
siding in the same family, also died of that fell disease.

During a storm at Baltimore on Saturday, 27th ult., a
son of Chief Justice Marshall, who was on his way to
Philadelphia to see his father, with a number of others
took shelter in the Court House, and while there the elec-
tric fluid struck one of the chimneys, and knocked it
down among them. One of the bricks fell on the head of
Mr. Marshall and fractured his skull. He has since died.

The ship Indiana sailed from Savannah on the 29th ult.,
for Liberia, having on board Rev. John H. Barton of that
city, missionary to Africa, and sixty-three colored emi-
grants for the colony.

Charles R. Dimmitt, a justice of the peace, was killed at
Govanston, four miles from Baltimore, on the 4th inst.,
by Cornet Wm. Devier, of the Light Dragoons, who struck
him on the head.

Midshipman Thomas W. Magruder was killed on board
the revenue cutter Campbell, at Baltimore, by the acci-
dental discharge of a musket, on the 4th inst.

Two boys, twins, sons of Mr. Richardson, Philadelphia,
aged about nine years, were drowned in the Schuylkill
on Saturday, 4th inst. They went in the water to bathe.

We learn from the Norwich Republican, that three
colored men have been committed to goal in that city, for
the murder of Lodovick Wheeler, of North Stonington.
They were seen in a quarrel with the deceased a short
time previous to the murder, and Wheeler was afterwards
found with his skull broken.

The Montreal Gazette gives an account of an iron chest
being found, by persons digging a cellar beneath the
foundation of the Wesleyan Methodist chapel in that city,
containing a sum of money, in gold, copper and silver ex-
ceeding three hundred pounds.

A dreadful accident occurred at Baltimore, Ohio, on
Sunday evening, May 31st. A congregation had assem-
bled for the purpose of worship, when a violent storm
arose, which blew in the gable end of the meeting house,
killed a lady, and dangerously wounded 11 other persons,
besides injuring 15 or 20 others more or less.

The Roman Catholics had commenced building a nunnery
at Rochester, and had got it partly completed, when
from some cause unknown, its further construction was
suspended. The building is now to be converted into a
dwelling.

A Newfoundland paper states that the editor of the
Public Ledger was lately assaulted in the streets, and that
his ears cut off!! The Governor offers a reward of \$500,
and the merchants also \$500, for the discovery of the per-
petrators of this horrid deed.

Bishop Roberts, we understand, was at Pittsburg, on
the 21st inst., and was expected to remain there until the
meeting of the Pittsburg Conference.

Two persons were found dead on the morning of June
21st, in a confectionary shop in New Orleans. The parties
were partners in business. One of them was found ly-
ing on a mattress in a small room in the rear of the shop,
and the other in the yard at the distance of few feet, both
dead and terribly gashed with a siletto and a dirk, which
were found near their persons. It was known that they
had high words for several days previous to the perpetra-
tion of this scene of butchery. The verdict of the coron-
er's jury was "mutual murder."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

On the night of the 26th ult., that ancient and superb
edifice, St. Paul's Church at Macao, built by the Jesuits
in 1602, was totally destroyed by fire.

A curious robbery took place at Exeter Hall, on the
anniversary of the London Missionary Society, when \$600
was collected in cash, besides as much more in checks.
These moneys were put into a bag, placed on the table
behind the chairman, and while the assembly were sing-
ing the doxology, some one quietly stole it!

"The Ne plus ultra" of all "strikes" we have ever
heard of, has taken place at Bedford, Eng. The paupers
there struck, and demanded wages in money; after which
they attacked the house of the guardians, broke the win-
dows, &c., and were not put down until an effective po-
lice was sent up from London.

An artilleryman, named Schmidt, at Munich, in Ger-
many, blew up the powder magazine on the 16th of May
last, causing destruction all around. It was situated only
about half a league distant, so that the city was shaken
in every part. In many houses the window frames were
shattered, the doors forced from the locks and hinges,
and many persons in the streets thrown down. In a
letter to the commanding officer the soldier declared that
the ill-treatment he received from the subaltern officers
had made him resolve to put an end to his life by blow-
ing up the magazine. Eight persons were killed be-
sides himself, and a large number wounded.

At the adjourned meeting last Friday evening, after
much discussion, it was
Resolved, That it is expedient to organize in this city an
auxiliary to the New England Wesleyan Anti-Slavery So-
ciety.

A committee was appointed to draft a Constitution, and
present it next Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, at Bennett
Street Church Vestry.

Ladies and gentlemen of the several Methodist churches
and congregations, who are favorable to this organization,
are respectfully invited to attend.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ANDOVER.
The Anniversary of this Seminary will be on the first
Wednesday in September. The exercises of the Rhetori-
cal Society will be attended on the preceding day.

THE FOURTH DISCOURSE, in the series of Doctrinal Lec-
tures, before the Church Street Church, will be delivered
next Sunday evening, July 19, at quarter before 8 o'clock,
by Rev. A. STEVENS.
Subject.—The Evidence of the Divine Inspiration of
the Scriptures.—Continued.

PAYMENTS FOR THE HERALD

Received from the 29th ult. to the 13th inst.
J. Robbins, E. Low, C. Kendrick, P. Spaulding, G.
Whiting, S. Seaward, H. Sanborn, E. Towner, S. Garfield,
S. Allott, A. Lindsey, R. Bettinson, N. Comstock, H. P.
Barlett, N. P. K. R. Stone, H. Pratt, C. G. Edwidge, W. E.
Linnell, Wm. C. Evans, S. Smith, N. Newcomb, M. A.
Holmes and H. C. Bishop, \$2 each.
N. Nutter, \$1.50.—A. Thomas, \$1.—J. Appleton,
J. Upham, Jr., M. Sampson, B. Cran, J. Williams, J. W.
Turpin, R. Sioddard, G. Chittick and W. M. Tilden, \$1
each.—J. Mayo, 50 cents.

COMMUNICATIONS.

J. W. Briggs (J. & T. Rose are credited to next June)
—B. Lewis (your papers are sent from this office regular-
ly on Tuesday forenoon. We regret that you should have
any difficulty in obtaining them)—H. Kimball (cannot
find the name or P. O.)—G. Ruggles (we have sent all of
the 17th ult. They are sent, we are told, punctually from
this office)—J. S. Kidder (W. T. owes us \$5.50)—L. Col-
lins, P. M. (\$2 enclosed)—H. McNeil—F. Scudder—D.
Emerson—W. R. Stone—S. Allen (I. S. is now credited
to Sept. next)—H. Vail—E. Benton (we have sent all of
the numbers on hand)—H. W. Heath—D. Clarke—B. Jenks
—O. S. Winsor (omitted by mistake)—H. Cummings (sub-
rosa, we promise the communication shall not wait more
than a month under consideration).

Married

Poetry.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. EDITOR—The following lines from your poetical correspondent, were written several months since, and presented to a lady of this city. If you deem them worthy of the reputation of the fair author, you are at liberty to insert them in the Herald.

J. W.

THERE IS A HOME.

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

There's a calm for the worried mind,
A balm for the aching breast;
A place where the troubled find
A never-ending rest.

There's a home for the tempted soul,
There's peace for the wounded heart;
Where eternal ages roll,
Where sorrows have no part.

There's rest, where the homeless find
Repos from life's troubled dream;
Where no rude, buffeting wind,
Disturbs the hallowed scene.

That repose is beyond the tomb,
That home, the realms of the blest;
Where celestial rays illumine
The peace-enlightened breast.

There is the Almighty's throne,
There sainted spirits meet—
Together in that sacred dome,
Ascend His mercy seat.

"IT IS THE LORD."

The following is extracted from the "Gems of Sacred Poetry," and appears to us to express the genuine sentiments of a pious heart, while sorrowing under bereavement.

When I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress—
A fountain in the wilderness.

Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh and smile on me.

Oh! blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be the heart that breaks;
Who heals the heart that breaks;
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

THE SABBATH.

NO. V.

THE MAIL AND POST OFFICE.

MR. EDITOR—American depravity, in regard to this point, is further developed in the enactments of her supreme legislature. Composed of men from the different States, elected to office by the voice of the people, and instructed how to act on the great leading subjects of deliberation, its voice is the voice of the nation; and from its decisions may be deduced the nation's principles and conduct. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The enactments to which I refer, are those which require the carrying of the mail, and the opening of the post offices on the Sabbath. The only apology that can be offered is, it is in some cases brings to hand money, news, &c., one day sooner, and saves time. For identically the same reasons men travel, work, visit, and play on the Sabbath; so that every individual Sabbath-breaker finds in this law, what to him is at least a partial justification of his own sins. Thus, by an act of the Congress of this nation, we have denied the divine authority to govern us—we have abolished the Sabbath—we have infringed on individual, inalienable rights;—and has God no controversy with us? Will he stand still, and see insignificant man annihilate his Sabbath—the parent of institutions—the prop and support of many others? What should we say, should a law be enacted by the same authority, requiring from sixty to eighty thousand of our citizens to steal, murder, swear, lie, &c., every Sabbath day, or one whole day in seven? Would not our commingled cries of "blasphemy!" "treason!" "oppression!" pierce the very heavens, and echo the revolvings of our hearts? Would not the thunder of our clamor stun our legislators, and terrify them to retraction. And what better is the law which requires so many to break the Sabbath? The same God who says, "Thou shalt not kill," says also, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." Is the former command more sacred and binding than the latter? Are not both based on infinite reason, and sanctioned by infinite authority?

Is it said, the law is of old standing, and we can't repeal it? I answer, sin is never too old to be abolished—age does not sanctify it. But is the law unalterable? No. The same authority which enacted it, may repeal it; and when so instructed by the people they will do it. While, therefore, American citizens remain indifferent to this subject, and make no farther effort for the abolishment of this law, God as really holds us responsible for it, and all its results, as if we had just voted it into being.

State legislatures have also something to do with this matter. How many of these give their sanction to Sabbath breaking, by receiving tolls from canals and rail-roads! Instead of licensing companies to violate the Sabbath, ought they not to close every lock, custom house office, and other office, and stop every car within their jurisdiction? The fact that they have not done this, is a standing proof of the laxity of our principles, and of our reverence for the holy Sabbath. Should our State legislatures enact a law which should require us to pay a tax of only one dollar for every two thousand we possess, for religious purposes, should we not raise a cry which would even make our halls of legislation tremble? Or should they make laws for our protection only six days out of seven, and leave us on the seventh, exposed to the unbridled malice, revenge, and cupidity of men, without the possibility of legal redress for the wrongs we might suffer, should we endure it without noisy complaint? And were we in a right state of moral and religious feeling, nay, were we half so tenacious of the honor of God and his law, as we are of our own personal and pecuniary interests, should we see our Sabbaths thus desecrated with indifference?

Until we repent and reform, God may justly say of us, as of a nation of old, which though once great and powerful, is now scattered and peeled, "Thou hast

profaned my Sabbaths?" and if repentance be long delayed, it is to be feared, he may add, "therefore, I have poured out mine indignation upon you—I have consumed you with the fire of my wrath; your own ways have I recompensed upon your heads."

J. PORTER.

East Greenwich, July 7, 1885.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung;
Kiss'd from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.
But then, there came a fearful day,
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead."—L. H. S.

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, great changes had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them had passed my youthful character. The world was altered too; and, as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheek she so often kissed in her excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years, had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her voice was then in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one; but the thought of it, even now, agonizes my heart; and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so accustomed to her pale face, and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I had sobbed violently, for they had told me she would die; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe that she would always be spared to me.

One day, when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong side outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went into my mother's chamber; she was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back, through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone, not to have been melted by it.

She requested me to go down stairs, and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call the domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget, if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "And will my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I sat the glass down very quick, and left the room.

After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother "good night;" but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I could not sleep; and I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had just sunk into an uneasy slumber, and they told me not to awaken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke; and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room. She was dead!—she never spoke to me more—never smiled upon me again!—and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I could die and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude.

But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindnesses, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me, will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."—*J. W. C. S.*

GENERAL JACKSON.

Our kind friends had taken care to supply us with many letters of introduction for Washington, and among them was one for the President. If we had intended, there was no occasion to use it. An intimation was made by one of the household, that the President would have pleasure in receiving a call from us. It was of course accepted. It was in the evening of the day, and Mr. Post was with us. We were received with respect, but without formality. The President is tall, full six feet in height. He stoops now, and is evidently feeble. The thermometer was at 72 degrees, but he was near a strong fire. He is 68 years of age. He is soldier-like and gentlemanly in his carriage; his manners were courteous and simple, and put us immediately at ease with him. He conversed freely; chiefly of the older country, as interesting to us. He expressed pleasure at the growing intimacy between the countries; at the arrival of ourselves as a deputation in evidence of this; and at the prospect there was of continued peace. He spoke of the banking question also without reserve. He thought there was a resemblance between the state of the monied interests in America, and its state with us in 1825, and was desirous of information. We conversed of it freely, and for some time. Without judging his opinions, with which, as they are political, I have nothing to do in this communication, my impression was, that he held them with a strong conviction that they were right, and beneficial for the country. After remaining about half an hour we took our leave, with very pleasant recollections of our interview.—*Reed and Matheson.*

AFFECTING SCENES.

FROM THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON, BY JOHN C. HAMILTON, HIS SON.

In a letter to Miss Schuyler, (afterwards Mrs. Hamilton), he gives an account of the pursuit that he, in company with others, had to overtake Arnold, immediately after his detection. He thus writes respecting the situation in which he found Mrs. Arnold:—

"I saw an amiable woman frantic with distress for the loss of a husband she tenderly loved—a traitor to his country and his fame—a disgrace to his connections. It was the most affecting scene I was ever witness to. She for a considerable time entirely lost herself. The General went up to see her, and she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved, another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have pierced the bosom of insensibility itself. All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her conduct. We have every reason to believe that she was entirely unacquainted with the plan, and that her first knowledge of it was when Arnold came to tell her that he must banish himself from his country, and from her forever. She instantly fell into a convulsion, and she left her in that situation.

This morning she is more composed. I paid her a visit, and endeavored to soothe her by every method in my power; though you may imagine she is not easily to be consoled. Added to her other distress, she is very apprehensive that the resentments of her country will fall upon her (who is only unfortunate) for the guilt of her husband.

I have tried to persuade her that her fears are ill-founded; but she will not be convinced. She received us in bed, with every circumstance that would interest our sympathy; and her sufferings were so eloquent, that I wished myself her brother, to have a right to become her defender. As it is, I have endeavored her to enable me to give her proofs of my friendship. Could I forgive Arnold for sacrificing his honor, reputation, and duty, I could not forgive him for acting a part that must have forfeited the esteem of so fine a woman. At present she always forgets his crime in her misfortunes; and her horror at the guilt of the traitor, is lost in her love of the man. But a virtuous mind cannot long esteem a base one, and time will make her despise, if it cannot make her hate.

COLLEGE ANECDOTE.

Many years since, when the late Lieutenant Governor Phillips, of Andover, Mass., was a student at Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak he quit the University and went home. His father was a very grave man, of sound mind, strict judgment, and of few words. He inquired into the business, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast he said, speaking to his wife,

"My dear, have you any tow cloth in the house, suitable to make Sam a frock and trousers?"

She replied, "Yes."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "follow me, my son."

Samuel kept pace with his father as he leisurely walked near the common, and at length, ventured to ask—

"What are you going to do with me, father?"

"I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith," replied Mr. Phillips. "Take your choice—return to college, or you must work."

"I had rather return," said the son.

He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became a respectable man. If all parents were like Mr. Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a plentiful supply of blacksmiths.

THE EFFECTS OF KINDNESS.

When a certain parent made his will, he said—"I leave such an estate to my eldest son, though he has been a very disobedient and wicked child, and though I am fearful he will misapply it." This act of unexpected kindness so deeply affected the son, that he burst into tears, and said—"God forbid I should;—and from that time he became a new man.

And did this gift of an earthly estate, which he could possess but a few years, and must then leave for ever, produce such an effect upon, and melt a heart long hardened by sin? And can you, my readers, peruse the Bible, and there read, that "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son," though he knew thousands would abuse his gift, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and not beg of God to give his Holy Spirit, that they may become new creatures in Christ Jesus?

Learn also to intermingle kindness with reproof. Had not kindness accompanied the hint the father expressed, his son's heart would probably have remained hard and unfeeling; and let the tongue of the reprover be dipped in oil, if he would have his words enter the heart. And let it be our daily care to profit by the kind reproofs and remarks of others. "As an ear ring of gold and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reproof upon an obedient ear."—*Imperial Magazine.*

THE KING SNAKE.

There is a large species of speckled snake called by the common usage in the Southern States, the King Snake, perhaps because he is the most formidable enemy of the fatal rattle snake. It seems to be the chief end of its existence, to seek, to pursue, and to destroy the latter, whose retreats and presence are discoverable by the emission of a peculiar smell, resembling that of the cucumber vine. The king snake, to almost all other animals, is the most gentle and harmless of creatures; you may strike him, he shows no resentment, he hisses not, he turns not, nor does he exhibit any terror or sluggishness. Drawn by the smell of the cucumber, he frequently enters gardens, but his appearance excites no alarm in any human being that knows he is the king snake; and on the contrary, women and children will approach him, turn him about with a stick, and playfully annoy him, with perfect impunity: he is only the relentless enemy of the rattle snake, whose strength and venom avail nothing against the activity and mode of attack of the king snake, who is victor in every combat.

Yet the rattle snake is a terrible reptile. There is a peculiarity truly appalling in the sound of his rattles, being unlike the noise of any other creature, and when you hear it, even the first time, the true instinct of nature impresses on your quailing heart, that danger and death are near. Never shall I forget one horrid event of my life. I was fishing in a southern lake one summer day, when an unusual disposition to sleep affected me. I stuck the ends of my fishing-rod in the bank of the lake, and sought a beautiful place of shade to enjoy repose. I laid myself on the grass, between two trees scarcely six feet apart, my head resting against one, and my feet against the other. I slept. When I awoke, I turned on one side and perceived at some distance from me, two brilliant humid orbs, and instantly a tremulous, mingled sensation, of an indefinable nature, came

upon my faculties. Something of an instinctive dictate, or impulse, counselled me to avert my looks, but then there was such an absorbing, wishful delight, in gazing into eyes that intently and unmeltingly fastened upon mine, that even the tremulous pulsations of fear fixed my gaze, relaxed my frame, and I remained so fascinated that I could see nothing but the most beautiful colors. In short I was so totally bewildered with commingled emotions, that I was absolutely powerless, and I could not withdraw my gaze, nor even move.

Suddenly, the melting eyeballs glared with sparks of fire—there was a movement—I started from a dreamy state—I saw a huge rattle snake—its gaze was disturbed, and when I heard the hateful rattle sound, the full danger of my situation aroused me, and through all my frame I felt the extremity of terror; and just as I was on the point of obeying a phrenzied impulse to rise and fly, I felt the deadly reptile, as I thought, coiling around my neck—I saw part of his body, I felt the shiny skin upon my neck, and the shiver of horror went through every joint and member of my frame. Such a feeling of agony! my eyeballs filled with scorching fire—first red—next yellowish green. Oh, there are moments of existence which involve the sensations of years, and when the whole details of a thousand feelings scarcely occupy the brief space of a leisure thought. Nature could endure no more, and I lost all sense.

At length I had the painful, tingling sensation of returning life through my veins, and when in full consciousness I arose from the earth, I saw near me, tranquilly and quietly, a living king snake, and farther off the lifeless length of a tremendous rattle snake. I sat upon a log and reflected, and I am satisfied that the king snake had crept over my neck to my rescue, there being a large log on one side, and the lake on the other, so that his nearest route to his enemy was over my body. But although my life was providentially preserved, yet the effects of that scene are the exclusion of a great portion of my excitability, and the introduction of grey hairs and premature debility, in all my powers of mind and body.—*Anecdotes of the South.*

[From "Sonnets of Filicija,"]

ON PROVIDENCE.

"Qual madre i figli con pietoso affetto."

Even as a mother, o'er her children bending,
Years with maternal love—her fond embraces
And gentle kiss to each in turn extending,
One at her feet, one on her knees, she places,
And from their eyes, and voice, and speaking faces,
Their various wants and wishes comprehending,
To one a look, to one a word addresses,
Even with her frowns a mother's fondness blending—
So o'er us watches Providence on high,
And hope to succor, and help to others lends,
And yields to all an open ear;
And when she seems her favors to deny,
She for our prayers alone the boon suspends,
Or seeming to deny, she grants the prayer.

A TICKLE LODGING PLACE.—When the workmen employed in the erection of a new building, in New York, returned to their work one morning, they found a woman who, from her dialect, appeared to be a German, in a most singular as well as most dangerous situation. It appears that the previous evening, when in a state of extreme excitement from liquor, she entered the building, none of the floors of which had been laid, and walked up a plank to the joists of the first floor, then mounted three successive ladders to the attic story, and by stepping across on the joists, succeeded in reaching a chimney-place intended for a garret bedroom, in which she laid herself down and went to sleep. When she waked up in the morning sobered, the dangerous situation in which she found herself, added to the effects of her late debauch, overcame her so powerfully with a nervous affection, that she was unable to make any effort to descend; and when found by the workmen, they were obliged to lower her to the ground with a rope. Had she chanced to move but a few inches in her sleep, she would inevitably have tumbled from the garret to the cellar, and death would have been the consequence.—*N. Y. Star.*

A DRAMATIC CHURCH.—We find the following pithy passage in a late number of the Irish Christian Examiner:—

The Church of Rome is dramatic in all its features. It seems to be its office, and its very essence to act Christianity, and to hold out in exterior exhibition that which, in its true light no eye but God's can see. No wonder the Church of Rome is fond of sacraments when the definition of one so admirably suits herself—she is "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual church." It is, in a word, as I said before, her part and province to act Christianity. Thus, with her, repentance is changed to penance—because the latter is to act the former. Thus to glory in the cross of Christ is, with her, to kiss, and kneel to, and carry in procession a material crucifix. Thus our Lord's humility, in washing his disciples' feet, is, with her, got up as a grand performance, in which the Pope annually acts the part of Christ. In full keeping with all this, the celebration of the Mass is an apparatus, calculated altogether to engage the senses. Artificial lights, odoriferous incense, enchanting music, costly decorations and all the sacred charms of mystery—such are the stimulants with which the worship of the Mass supplies the place of rational and spiritual devotion.—*Southern Churchman.*

A GOOD WIFE.

The selection of a wife should not be regulated so much by fancy, as by judgment. A female may be very beautiful—but will she be useful? Her imagination may be cast in a splendid mould—but is common sense intermingled? These are questions of vital importance; for the present, because the tempests of novels and romances with which the world is visited, is a utilitarian age. The following abstract from a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Bishop, and printed in the National Preacher, we present to our readers.

1. A good wife must possess a large share of what is called "common sense." She must know by a kind of instinct how to act on every emergency—catch as it were by inspiration, the leading features in the characters and dispositions of the individuals, old and young, friends or strangers, to whom she is introduced, and with whom she is to act steadily or occasionally.

2. A good wife must be distinguished for self-command. A wife is at the head of a little society, in which are all the elements of every kind of society. But all these elements are here, in an unformed, and forming, and most fluctuating state. Hence, the first, and most important lesson to be studied, and to be acquired by the individual who presides over a soci-

ety in this state is, that she have, on all occasions, the most perfect command of herself.

3. Industry and economy form a third distinguishing feature in the character of a good wife. The industry and economy of a wife, is particularly exhibited in having all the intervals of time, within the whole range of her government, filled up with some necessary and profitable employment, and in taking special care of fragments of time and fragments of property.

4. A good wife is an affectionate woman. Every domestic, and every friend, and every stranger, and the friend of every distant friend and acquaintance, finds himself immediately at home while under her roof, and while partaking of her hospitality. She will not take up, much less will she give circulation to a reproach against her neighbor, though this reproach should be brought to her table, or whispered to her in her bed-chamber.

5. A good wife is of domestic habits and disposition. She enjoys herself no where so well as under her own roof, and while attending to her own private affairs. One busy, tattling woman, whether married or single, is enough to destroy all the social comforts of many families. And on the other hand, one prudent woman may be worth a thousand in preserving all that is valuable in the social intercourse of a village, or city, or neighborhood.

6. All these and similar qualifications in the good wife must be associated with the possession and the exercise of genuine and ardent piety. The description of a good wife in the Bible, (Prov. xxxi 10—end) closes with these important words: "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

POPULARITY.—There are some in community who, camelion-like, take the color of every thing they touch; who are so condescending as to coincide with whatever is said or done. They will practice vice with the vicious, advocate virtue with the virtuous, will doubt with the skeptic, and profess a veneration for religion with the pious. If any thing is unpopular among the people where they are, it affords them sufficient ground to reject it, and talk against it. Such persons deserve to lose the confidence of all honest and consistent men. For they at one time advocate the opinions which they oppose at another, and profess friendship for those they are with, and then, when they are with others, turn against them. Such persons are like flood trash floating upon the surface of a river, and taking every new direction with the current, and unlike those substances which have sufficient weight to sink to the bottom of the stream.

THE COLISEUM.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

Leaving every other relic, we at length approached the Coliseum, with awe and wonder. Fortwo thousand years has this gentle sun been shining down upon it. It is colossal to sublimity, and all previous descriptions cannot keep you from being thrown off your guard by the first sight of it. You survey its vast extent, you lift your wondering eyes to its gigantic summit, you glance into its arena, you behold the immense blocks of Travertine piled upon each other against the sky, you fancy it in the days of its glory, crowded with its hundred thousand spectators, with its roaring beasts, with its gladiatorial conflicts, its cruel sands washed with the blood of man and brute. The grandeur of this vast structure, both from its immensity as a monument of human labor, and the tremendous lesson it reads to nations, and to men, awes, dazzles, and overwhelms the mind. The most beautiful freshness of nature is around it, and a deep silence reigns far and wide. The turmoil of the modern city does not reach this consecrated spot. We lingered about it till the sun levelled his rays from the west. I never saw a more tranquil and delicious afternoon. We walked around it, through and into it, with wonder and awe, which increased with every step and every glance. Nothing can be more singularly mournful and eloquent, than the loneliness and hushed stillness in such a place and such a ruin. It is a romantic contrast to nature and to its own purposes. A monument of imperial power and triumph, is but a bowed wreck; around stretch galleries to accommodate thousands of the gay, yet there the weed springs from year to year, and the wild bird flies and warbles unscared; reared to gratify the pride of the Roman people, their descendants, fallen to beggars and cripples, and covered with rags, lie stretched in the sun-shiny shelter beneath a long arch, or by a broken column, apt emblems of this prodigy of architecture, and of the wrecked and wretched country which gave it birth. Here and there, within and without, artists in different attitudes; a lady from a carriage, another seated on a rock, were transferring the majestic, the gigantic and sublime reality to paper. The pictures give a tolerable idea of its shape; but they can convey no adequate impression of its tremendous size and massiveness. Upon the lofty summit lie square blocks of stone, of immense weight and magnitude, which seem actually balanced in the air, broken, crushed, and tottering; you tremble to walk under it lest the passing breeze should topple down its huge walls headlong.

The last gleams of the yellow sunshine had faded from its rent top, and the shadows of a moonless evening were thickening around us before we could withdraw our fascinated steps from this momentous pile. At length we turned away from its grandeur and desolation, its solitude, silence, and decay; its overrunning vines, its rank weeds, and all the mighty world of thoughts which consecrate its lonely walls, and retracing our way by the arches of Titus, Constantine, and Septimius Severus, the palace of the Cæsars, the temples of Romulus and Remus, the forum and thrilling groups of shattered columns, we left the capitol dim behind us, and returned to our pleasant books and cheerful fires.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

FURNITURE AND CHAIRS.

ROGERS & HASKELL, continue to keep for sale at No. 10 & 12 Duck Street, a good assortment of Furniture and Chairs, which they offer very low for cash.

July 8.

TERMS OF THE HERALD.

1. The Herald is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum in advance, or at \$1.00 per month. If not paid in advance, it will be charged, and \$2.00 if not paid at the close of the year.

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4. All Communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., post paid, unless containing \$10.00, or five subscribers.

5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters involving facts, must be accompanied with the names of the writers.

6. We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no mis-understanding or mistake.



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ZION'S HERALD.

Office No. 19 Washington

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR.

ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION

David H. Ela, Pri

FOR ZION'S HERA

RELIGION.

Is there aught on earth but sorrow,
Dark forebodings—littered tears,
Clouds to-day, and storms to-morrow,
Doubts—distressing doubts?
Is there aught to cheer our souls,
Aught to chase our darkest
Fill our souls with joy and gladness,
Light our pathway to the tomb?

Is there aught of real pleasure
In this world of fickleness?
Solid, and substantial treasures,
Unalloyed happiness?
Are earth's fairest scenes illusory,
Her brightest hopes but airy,
Her firmest promises delusive,
When in no lasting pleasure?

Yes, there is a balm for sorrow,
Sweetest solace for our tears,
From Religion we can borrow
Light which e'en the darkness
Though the clouds may blacken,
As we walk the "narrow way,"
God will place his light before us,
Shining unto perfect day.

Though this earth affords no peace,
We can find it e'en below—
Solid, and substantial treasure,
If in Duty's path we go;
Be the kindly hand extended
To the suffering, and the sad,
And the destitute befriended,
And the sorrowing made glad.

Then thy path is smooth, and
And though storms around us
Still the purest light of heaven
Radiates the Christian's gleam,
Pure Religion, too, can lighten
All our burthen's' heaviness,
And our evidences brighten
Of a resting place on high.

Hartford, Ct., July, 1885.

FOR ZION'S HERA

THE TOBACCO USING M

MR. EDITOR—A late number

contained an article extracted from the
corder, which very justly exhibits
seller in a most ridiculous light.
of ideas is almost as involuntary as
not but think, on reading the article
ridiculous characters with which
The one which appeared most
thoughts, and which, in "rank
next in height to the Christian
TOBACCO-USING MINISTER.

The first condition in which
any imagination, was that of pre
Seated in the chimney corner, in
his industrious and patient heart
engaged in preparing breakfast,
his lips the stem of a pipe of real
and commenced the dignified, int
pious exercise, of drawing and pu
caused by the action of fire on the
this very intent he had placed in
of his pipe. The poor wife, alon
the smoke, which had now formed
quite filled the room, requested h
spectful terms to sit a little nearer
the smoke might pass up the ch
James, the eldest son, a boy of
of age, having paid his wonted vi
bar-room, now entered, pulled off
a cigar, seated himself in the c
father, lighted it, and in imitati
ple before him, began to draw an
The father, shocked with the ev
son's conduct, together with the e
of a decline of sober and virtuous
sense of duty, constrained to ad
rental reproof.

"James," said